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Midsummer-Moone.

OR

LVNACY-RAMPANT.

BEING

A Character of Master *Cheynell*, the Arch Visitor of *Oxford*, and Mungrell-*President* of Saint *John* Baptist's Colledge.

With a Survey of the three Renegado-fellowes *Web*, *Inkersell* and *Lownds*.

Jam Seges est ubi Troja fuit.

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Wymy and

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CHEYNEL is *Bedlam* ſeven ſtories high, or Sir *Thomas* his gowty leg wire-drawn: His head is ſhot up, as if it would only converſe with the Prince oth'aire, and what we miſtake for the man ith'moon is but a peece of him. Hee's an *Index expurgatorius* in the largeſt folio, or was intended for hoopes for the tun at *Heidelberg*; you may take him for the 119 *Pſalm*, laſting the execution of a whol Univerſitie, or the Pinacle from which the Devill would break the neck of it. 'Tis a ſufficient argument of *Cromwells* death to ſee this May-pole ſet up in Oxford. *Dido*, with his hide, might have had ground enough for her Carthage without ſlicing it into leaſhes. Hee's a monopoly of Steeples, and as often as he ſounds, the bell goes out for ſome deceas't Scholar. Babels are erected for confuſion.

His red Noſe is pearch't like a Beacon flaming on a mountain. Nature when ſhe forged it forgot to quench it: *Web* ſurrendred to it for a flag of defiance; *Inkerſell* for a red Lattice, and only ſubmitted to an Ale-houſe. The Scarlet-whore of Babylon ſpawn'd it with her menſtruous profluviums. 'Twas painted with the blood of a witch when ſhee morgag'd her ſelfe. The ſingle ſight of it made *Sedgewick* dream of doomes-day and the ſecond deſtruction of the world by fire. Such veſſels are broach't when Villanes ratifie their Conſpiracies in Sacraments of Blood. If there bee ſuch an *Ætna* ſuch a *Purgatory* aloofe, what's the *Demogorgon* the Hell ith' Center?

The ſpirits which aſcend from ſo hot a Limbeck have converted his braines to Sulphur, and made him nothing but an unruly Squib: Hee's as prodigiouſly furious, as if he had been bolted out oth' Monks pot when he invented gunpowder, or his mother limed by the Devill ſhot from a Canon. He was begot ith' Dog-dayes, or at Michaelmas when his Dam went to Rut. The *Hecuba* when ſhe conceiv'd this *Paris* dream't of wild-fire: His Nurſe was a bleare ey'd Hound, *Run-Wood*, and his native ſoyle th' *Antipodes* to *Anticyra*. His Syre engendred him in an Itch beyond the cure oth' brimſtone which ruin'd Sodom. You may take him for a Spaniſh-Jennet, begot by a whirlewind or a tempeſt raiſed by a Conjurer, or all *Æolus* bag'd up and ſold by a

lander for ſhipwracks; he ruminates on nothing but his *Saliſbury* Chaines, and his breaking looſe from 'em, and therefore 'tis his continuall buſineſſe either to impriſon or expell. Yet *Mahomets* diſeaſe muſt be a divine rapture; in his paralytick fit, he converſes with his *Gabriell*. Shuffle him with the reſt oth' viſitors, and hee comes forth like mad *Oreſtes* ſwitchd on by furies to kill his mother the *Univerſity*. Brutiſh *Ajax* becauſe hee's a beaſt himſelfe wallowes i'th gore of his fellow Greekes and thinkes 'em ſwine. The Caniball ſwears Mūmie's Bacon: he differs from an ordinary *Tom* of *Bedlam*, as a wild *Wolfe* from a tame one, or Rome on fire from *Neroes* Fiddle. Sure hee's don quickſotted, takes the Colledge for an inchanted Caſtle, the fellowes for Giants, *Web*, *Inkerſell*, and *Lownds*, for three diſtreſſed damſells. Hee ſweepes the houſe cleane that his Fairy tennants may dance to him with mony, his phrenſy flames higher becauſe 'tis ſprinkled with a little reaſon, as woemen paint themſelves into wrincles and uglineſſe. His blood rides the round poſt, or dances the Morrice through him, and ſo makes him giddy. His skull is a meer neſt of hornets, which ſting into him their own waſpiſhneſſe. This makes the mad bandog ſnap at all hee meets. This new Judge (without the Kings writ) is the prime Bencher at condemnation but uſually removed at the execution, and kills with his weekely bill as ſecretly as the Plague: Still like a mad dog which (they ſay) never barkes. Hee wounds at farther diſtance than the ſtarres influence can bleſſe: this long boared murdering peece will carry deſtruction point blank from *Petworth* to *Oxford*. *Cheynell* in a Univerſity out rifles *Cromwell* in an Abby. The Divill is buſieſt ith' Church. Pickhatch nere was viſited; Turne-Bull-Streete needs no reformation.

Cheynell among the viſitors, is a mountebanke extroardinary with 4 zanyes, or bluſtring *Æolus* with his Cardinall winds. This purger is the only ſcammony; the reſt ſomewhat milder ſimples, *Rhubarbe* and *Senâ*, one indeed is all hony and manna dropt from heaven, but kept till 'tis mouldy and ſtinkes. This Sugar-Cane, this Poſſet, and Cawdle viſitor; with his marmulade quagmire, his blather'd puffe-paſt, liquoriſh *Kate Subs* the ſecond, are the Univerſities tooth drawers, and will leave no more Schollars then themſelves have gummes. Theſe Figs and Almonds rot the Univerſitie, while *Cheynell* like *aqua fortis* corrodes it. And yet that Cormorant can bee dainty too: Doctors

and

and Seniors are too tough for continuall cramming, he muſt have Batchellers of art and Rabets, under-graduats and Chickens; maſter commoners and Pheſants. *Domitian* gorg'd with men, wantons with flies afterwards. He runs himſelfe off his legs the firſt daies journey, and like a Brewer tuns once a weeke. Though he rides poſt yet he muſt have his ſtages: the diſmalleſt Tragedy is cantell'd into Acts, ſure he hath got the mathematicall trick to make ſo many Turkes, and then by his hocus pocus Arithmetick, juggle them over board; yet the viſitors like their harbinger the laſt new diſeaſe, murder the beſt. Among *Moores* blacks are the only beauties: *Cheynell* good Church-man (like Alters) protects the guilty only; hee thinkes others breath corrupted when 'tis but the reflected rancour of his own; like *Senecaes* wifes foole, ſtruck with a ſoddaine blindneſſe, imputed it to the darkeneſſe of the roome: You would ſcarce believe he ſhould have any Proſelites but that ſome have worſhipt *Cacodemons*; and Aſſes yet kneele to *Mahomet*: Durt will ſubmit to bee trampled on; good ingenious ſoules confeſſe themſelves ſufficiently vicious & are thought worthy heaven becauſe they boaſt no merit. But *Cheynell* admits them as Politicians do Jewes to uſe their villanies, or *Romulus* his Aſylum Courtiers to Lord over them; elſe why ſhould the Muſcovite worſhip painted images and reject carv'd ones? why ſhould my Lady expoſe her child and nurſe her dog, bee divorc't from her Lord, and wanton with her Catamite Monkey? But alas a ſlip may breake a ſober mans neck, while drunkards tumble and have no hurt. A privy-councellor is ſcarce ſecure in his dreame: My Lord of *Pembrooke* and *Archy* can never ſpeake Treaſon. Ugly cubs are moſt lick't, and the Changling's ſtill the dilling: In Martyrdomes the beſt muſt to the ſtake; and who ſo fit to bee Pilgrims as the holy? if their bee any left in the hive it will be the drones; *Cheynells* thirſt draines the liquour, the lees would choake him. Thus of *Theophraſtus* characters, the vices only ſurvive, the vertues are expelld the world.

Cheynell and Doctor *Baily* differ as the Colledge good and bad genius, as a wiſard and a prophet, or the dipt horſe in Cornewall and a Chriſtian. Hee ſucceeds the Doctor as *Caligula's* horſe did the deceaſed Senatour, or as the Apocrypha doth the old Teſtament, and *Tobie* and his dog, *Moſes* and *Aaron*; thus Innocents day purſues *Chriſtmas*, a damnd maſſacre at the heeles of a bleſt nativity; nor can *Herod* perſecute innocence without murthering St. *John's*; every meale hee carves the Preſident, at every courſe the Baptiſts head is diſh't for him, and yet (unleſſe the Merchant-taylors prove almoners) perhaps hee may bee devourd by his Colledgiate vermine.

Saint *Johns* lookes like *Scevaes* sheild, so many expel'd peeces so many wounds 'tis reformd into it's primitive purity and turnd into the Baptists desart: The whole University resembles Greece over-run by Turkes, or Italy Goth'd and Vandald, it lookes like the world purged by a deluge, and destruction. *Delos* is turnd errant at *Apolloes* death, as it was at his birth. Colledges are converted into Hospitalls, lodges for diseases, scall'd heads and crutches, 'tis the only expulsive crime heere to bee wholesome.

For how should *Cheynell* be a reformer, unlesse as an Atheist makes a Pope pious? as winter brings the Halcyon, or dead beere makes *Aqua vitæ*: Hee is a strainer, retaines all the dreggs, and clarifies the Universitie as milke and whites of eggs doth Ippocras; thus sinkes, and common shoares are the best scavengers, durt is somtimes a good fuller, and filthy Soap the only Lawndresse, miraculous *Cheynell*! Clay and Spittle shall bee a collyrium for the Kingdomes eye.

Hee hath sullyed the Universitie and will huckster in washing it; the mountebank gives out it is poysoned, that hee may quack in curing it. Thus *Oxford*, like the house of office at Westminster, is voted to bee reformed by those who fould it.

But perhaps man must still forfeit paradise for too much knowledge, and Scholars perish (like the old Bishop) for discerning the visitors to be Truth's and the Law's Antipodes. Is the Universitie *Pim'd*, and therfore must change shifts, or are men turnd out (like the Israelites out of Egipt) for being scabby? Because *Cheynell* itches, must all smart? The Pope excommunicates the King of *Spaine* on one day, and restores him the next, *Cheynell* hath his Maundy Thursday, but the good-Friday's Popery. Extremes may concenter, *Rolfe* and a *Jesuite* are both *Ravilacks*; *Cheynell* and Captaine *Allen* (his blasphemous adversaries second) can covenant in mischiefs, as humiliations and thanksgivings conspire to ruine the Kingdome, or Naseby field and the Butchers dog to worry *Skippon*. But hee would have us mistake a hang-man for an Angell, and kisse his lightning, because it comes from Heaven. Indeede hee goes to Church but (like the Divill) 'tis to tempt: each prayer devours a widdowed Colledge, each bead pistolls a Schollar: hee never preaches but 'tis the Universities funerall Sermon, his doctrines and motives are meere proscriptions, and hee'l murder a whole Colledge with a use of consolation; his reformation hath got him more then the worke of 10 talents got *Aristotle*, this one word hath cost more then would have purchased the Sibills bookes and Prophet too. Beggers sell their ulcers at the rate of Diamonds; but though hee excommunicates, it must

bee ſtill the Pope and his holineſſe : 'Tis his faith removes the Univerſity, as the publique faith the ſilver mountaines of Guild-hall, and *Xerxes* leveld *Athos* through the worlds credulitie. But this Kennell-raker, this Jaquef-farmer is durty only on weeke-dayes. O the Sanctity of a ſunday pudding! And yet perhaps the Sabaticall river is no better then prophane Iſis. Turks have their Saboth, and not only a monthly faſt, but a faſt for a moneth. But *Cheynell* is a double Turke; Captaine *Preſtor Franck* is both Muftie and Aga too.

Thus is *Oxford* at laſt reform'd into an *Algeers* haunted by Pirates, where Janizaries are the only favorites : What to others is an inquiſition, is to theſe a ſhrift. Theſe are the only converts, becauſe the only ſinners : Some are expell'd for juſt oathes, others are dandled for lowd perjurie; like the Prieſt that loſt his benefice for having a wife, and was retrived when ſhee was proved his whore. But *Cheynell* (like *Romulus*) is the ſonne of heaven; when no man will own the brat, a God muſt father it. Hee's a libell and an ordinance; hath never a Sire, and yet perhaps a hundred : His mother ſure hacknied herſelfe to one of the guard, or the great porter on a maske night, and ſo conceiv'd this hipocrite : Had hee kept within his pulpit the lower part of the Minotaure might have skulkt undiſcovered, but when hee would bee a baſtard preſident too, a *Perkin Warbeck* Doctor *Baylie* (like *Alexander*, ambitious to bee a God) hee proved himſelfe a by-blow.

Cheynell, with his precious Triumvirats *Web*, *Inkerſell* and *Lownds*, thinks himſelf the Emperor with his three ſpirituall Electors, or the Pope with his triple Crown; Hee lookes like wilde *March* borrowing three dayes of *February*. Theſe are forſooth the 3 children (or *Plutoes* 3 furies) whom no flames can bliſter. All 3 are oth' progeny of *Noah*, drunke : Their mothers longed for wort, they were borne in a brew-houſe, and chriſtned in a Stand of Ale. They are only 3 Sponges poſſeſt, and ſubmit to the upper and lower houſes, as repreſentatives of the Buttery and Seller. Certainly they are entertaind for Goſpellers, becauſe they have drunke away their Bibles. I might as well ſay *Inkerſell* were a Nightingale, becauſe hee hath loſt his tongue. Moths and Wormes are acquainted with more Authors, and Parrots are better linguiſts. Latin's not the language of theſe Beaſts, nor have they any thing of *Greece*, but drunkenneſſe and lying. Hebrew to them is Welch, they reele ſufficiently of themſelves, they need not ſtudy to go backward. Their Soules are blankes ſufficient to write new mod'led Preachers in. *Tireſias* could not foreſee any thing til he was blind.

Inkerſell has one property of a Scholar, Poverty. You would take him for country-*Tom* broke looſe from the Gallowes. If a man bee a Tree inverſed, hee's Beggars-buſh. He was borne in Lent at a courſing, and ſent into

into the world with ſippets. Hee's ſunke below the wardrobe of dunghills, and the uſe of paper-mills. He muſt tick with *Charon*, and have his Epitaph writ in chalk. By his maggot-eaten face, you would ſwear he had been rayſed out on's grave with all his worms about him to bait Eele-hookes. You may compare *Cheynell* to the Chymiſts *aqua Stygia*, and him to their *terra damnata*. Hee'l ſhortly be a Baptiſt without a voice, and wheaſes already as if he fed on nothing but Locuſts and Graſhoppers.

Cheynell and *Web* looke like *Mahomet* and his Pigeon, or my Lord of *Pembrooke*, and *Michaell Oldſworth*. Had every bird their feathers of him, he would be oth' ſame callow livery with *Inkerſell*: hee hates all bookes becauſe he is ſo much ith' mercers; and without a ſtrong antidote will die of gall and Coperas: hee's as much in Ink as *Inkerſell* in chalke, the one is all in mourning, the other is in his winding-ſheete: his brother & he drink duells, yet both, like their thirſt, are ſtill immortall; though the Sea they have drunke would have made ſtage enough for the battle of *Lepanto*: Yet his brother may bee dead drunke at laſt, hee lookes like *Tiffany* already; brimſtone and hell will have him ſhortly, 'Tis fit the Souldier ſhould conquer eſpecially in bowſing combats: But our *Mars* muſt have his *Venus*, and his ſalt Nancy newly duck't lookes like the Sea-born goddeſſe. *Cheynell* cannot expell him farther then *Bocardo*, nor any Colledge ſo fit for him, as where *Cheynell's* Preſident, and who but thoſe Goale-birds were ever bribed to chriſten him ſo? What baſeneſſe would ſubmit to the ſcorne of Priſoners? Who would be ſlave to a penny ballad?

Franc: Lawnds

Lownds ſubmitted to *Cheynel's Sanguine promontory* for feare of a bloody Noſe; he may be ſteered with any rudder: You may hang in a ſingle threed and uſe him inſtead of a bobin to weave Bone-lace: This rabbet ſucker would ſubmit to a ferret, and is ſcarce fit to bee a fellow of a Warren: hee would adore a reformer though hee were a Chimny-ſweeper, and goe bare to *Pidgeon* as willingly as to *Cheynell*: A well grown ſpider might bee his Preſident, *Whittingtons* Cat a Lord *Mayor* over him. Hee cannot go a high lone yer, but is carried on his fathers ſleeve like a faulkoners Hawk; hee'll damme himſelfe leaſt hee ſhould bee whipt, and bee perjurd becauſe his father hath covenanted, like the fellow who would not bee a Chriſtian becauſe all his friends were gone to hell before him.

Pidgeon & Chymney ſweeper.

O that Lice ſhould bee humane off-ſpring as well as men! but the happieſt mothers may have abortions. The Kings Image is ſometimes ſtampt on lead, and natures mint coynes monſters; as this Oſtraciſme proves the Univerſity a true Athens, ſo ſome Apaſtates makes her a Heaven.

FINIS.